

## Wichita Daily Eagle

## WILD WESTERN JAUNTS.

BILL NYE REVISITS THE SCENES OF HIS JOURNALISTIC CHILDHOOD.

Killing Real Estate—How a Man Got Rich by Being Compelled to Stay in Denver. Salt Lake Lots—A Pious Agent for City Lots—Patti's Latest.

(Copyright, 1890, by E. W. Nye.) WRITTEN AT SALT LAKE, IN THE TERRITORY OF UTAH, AND SO ON. WHENEVER AN OPPORTUNITY OCCURRED.

The past week has been one of great personal interest, although it has had little effect on public affairs. I have been visiting my old haunts in Colorado and Wyoming, after about seven years of absence. I have also been in Utah, where spring has come in the rich valley of the Jordan and the glossy blackbird, with wing of flame, scots gayly from bough to bough, deftly declaring his affections right and left and acquiring more wives than he can support, then clearing his record by claiming to have had a revelation which made it all right.

One cannot shut his eyes to the fact that there is great real estate activity this spring in the west. It has taken the place of mining and stock, I judge, and everywhere you hear and see men with their heads together plotting against the poor rich man. Yesterday in Salt Lake I saw the sign, "Drugs and Real Estate."

I presume it means medicine and a small residence lot in the country. In early days in Denver Henry C. Brown, then in the full flush and vigor of manhood, had some talk with the agent of the Atchison stage line for a ticket back to Atchison, as he was heart broken and homesick. He had a quarter section of land, with a heavy growth of prairie dogs on it, and he had almost persuaded the agent to swap him a stage ticket for this sage brush conservatory, when he gently backed out of the trade. Mr. Brown then sat him down on the sidewalk and cried bitterly.

I just tell this to show how easily some men weep. Atchison is at present so dead that a good cowboy, with an able mule, could tie to its tail and, putting his spurs to the mule, jerk loose the entire lot at any time, while Brown's addition to Denver is worth anywhere from one and a half to two millions of dollars. When Mr. Brown wept, it is because his victims are too rich and give him the goat. He sold prairie dogs enough to force the hand into that it could not blow into Cherry Creek vale, and then he set to work earnestly to wait for the property to advance. Finding that he could not sell the property at any price, he, with great foresight, con-

## DRUGS AND REAL ESTATE



NYE AND THE SIGN.

cluded to retain it. Some men, with no special ability in other directions, have the greatest genius for doing such things. Whilst others, with greater genius in other ways, do not make money in this way.

A report got around some time ago that I had made a misgiving on some property. This is partly true, only it was my wife who speculated. She had never speculated much before, though she had tried other open air amusements. So she swapped a cottage and lots in Hudson, Wis., for city lots in Minneapolis, employing a man named Flinton Pansley to do the trading, look into the title and do the square thing for her. He was a real good man, with heavenly aspirations and a real sorrow in his heart for the prevalence of sin. Still this sorrow did not break in on his business. Well, the business was done by correspondence and Mr. Pansley only charged a reasonable amount, she giving him her new carriage to remunerate him for his brain fag. What the other man paid him for disposing of the lots I do not know. I was away at the time, and having no insect powder with which to take his life, I spared him to his little class.

I did send a man over the lots, however, when I returned. They were not really in the city of Minneapolis; that is, they were not near enough to worry anybody by the tumult of town. In fact they were in another country. You may think I am lying about this, but the lots are there, if you have any curiosity to see them. They were not where they were represented to be, and the machine shops and gas works and court house were quite a long distance away.

You could cut some hay on these lots, but not enough to pay the interest on the mortgage. Frogs build their nests there in the spring and rear their young, but people never go there. Two years ago Senator Washburn killed a bear on one of these lots, but that is all they have ever produced, except a slight coldness on our part toward Mr. Pansley. He says he likes the carriage real well, and anything he can do for us in the future in disposing of city property will be done with an alacrity that would almost make one's head swim. I must add that I have the permission to use this information, as the victim seems to think there was something kind of amusing about it. Some people think a thing funny which others can hardly get any amusement out of. What I wonder at is that he did not ask for the team when he got the carriage.

Possibly he did not like the team. I just learned recently that Pansley and the Benders used to be very thick in an early day, but after a while the Benders and the Pansleys would have to be excused. Even the Benders had to draw the line somewhere.

But now I am buying in Salt Lake. Not a heavy venture, you understand. Just the box office receipts for one evening. I see it stated in the papers at \$10,000. Anyway I will let that go. That is near enough. When I see anything in the papers I ask no more questions. I do not think it is right. Patti and I have

both made it a rule this winter to put in at least one evening as an investment where we happen to be. We are almost sure to do well out of it, and we also get better notices in the paper.

Patti is not looking so well this season as she did when my father took me to see her in the prime of her life. Though getting quite plain, it costs as much to see her as ever it did. Her voice has a metallic, or rather bi-metallic, ring to it nowadays, and she misses it by not working in more topical songs and bright Italian gags.



AN INTERVIEW WITH PATTI.

I asked her about an old singer who used to be with her. She said, "He was removed to 22 ocean, where he keeps a lighthouse. He learned to himself how to manage a lighthouse one season; then he tried by himself to star."

Now, if she would do some of those things on the stage, it would pay her first rate.

Last week I visited Wyoming a good deal and met many old friends, all of whom shook me warmly by the hand as soon as they saw me. I visited the capitol, and both houses adjourned for an hour out of respect to my memory. I will never say anything mean of a member of the legislature again. A speech of welcome was made by the gentleman from Crook county, Mr. Kellogg, the Demagogue of the coming state. He made statements about me that day which in the paper read almost as good and truthful as an epitaph.

Going over the hill, at Crow creek, whose perfumed waters kiss the liveries, stables and abattoirs at Camp Carlin, three slender Sarah Bernhardt coyotes came toward the train, looking wistfully at me as they should say: "Why, partner, how you have fleshed up." Answering them from the platform of the car, I said: "Go east, young men, and flesh up with the country." Honestly and seriously, I do think that if the coyote would change off and try the soft shell crab for awhile, he would pick right up.

When I got to Laramie City the welcome was so warm that it almost wiped out the memory of my shabby welcome in New York harbor last summer on my return from Europe, when even my hand went back on me and got drunk at Coney Island on the very money I had given them to use in welcoming me home again.

Winter has been a little severe along the cattle ranges, and deceased cattle may be seen extending their swollen abdomens into the bright, crisp air as the train rapidly whirled on along at the rate of seven to eight miles per hour. The skinning of a frozen steer is something to which I alluded awhile ago. Col. Buffalo Bill, who served under Washington and killed buffalo and baby elephants at Valley Forge, according to an Italian paper, should have put this feature into his show. Maybe he will when he reads this. The cow gentleman first selects a quick yet steady going mule, then he looks for a dead steer. He does not have to look very far. He how attaches one end of the deceased to some permanent object. This is harder to find than the steer, however. He then attaches his rope to the hide of the remains, having cut it with his knife first. He next starts the mule off, and a mile or so away he discovers that the hide is entirely free from the cold and pulseless remains.



LOOKING UP HIS REAL ESTATE.

Sometimes a cowboy tries to skin a steer before the animal is entirely dead, and when the former gets back to the place from which he was kicked he finds that he has a fine new set of whiskers with which to surprise his friends.

The Pacific reads have greatly improved in recent years, and though they do not dazzle one with their speed they are much more comfortable to pass a few weeks on than they were when the eating houses, or many of them, were in the hands of people who could not cook very well, but who made a good deal of money. Now you can eat from a good buffet car at your leisure or a first class dining car, or you can stop off and get a good meal, or you can carry a few hens and eat hard boiled eggs all over your neighbors.

I do not think people on the cars ought to keep hens. It disturbs the other passengers and is anything but agreeable to the hens. Close confinement is never good for a hen that is advanced in years, and the cigar smoke from the rear of the car hurts her voice, I think.

California will, no doubt, be the theme for my next letter, if there should be no delay in getting through. I do not know exactly upon what features I will treat, but whatever they may be, the article will be interesting and thrilling in the extreme, abounding in rich word pictures and bright metaphors which will hold the reader by the coat button, entranced and spell bound, till the entire article is greedily snapped up. Meanwhile time may drag a little with the reader, but something else may turn up to take his attention from the monotony.

Bill Nye

## MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE AUTHOR-EDITOR TALKS OF WOMEN AND JOURNALISM.

She Is in Love with Her Work—Women Who Work on Newspapers Well Treated by Men Journalists—The Profession Requires System.

(Copyright, 1890.)

In her cozy nook in the very heart of the great Harper establishment, surrounded by the whirl of bookmaking machinery, the noise of which penetrates but does not seem to permeate the quiet of her sanctum, sits daily at her editorial desk Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, long identified with the success of *Heath and Home*, a popular magazine a dozen years ago; still the loving and beloved postmistress of *Young People*, and now, in addition, the controlling mind of that world famous periodical *Harper's Bazar*. Her personality, physical and mental, is well known. Modest as she is, Mrs. Sangster has not been able to prevent the strength and sweetness of her character from glowing far outside the circle which comes into actual contact with it; her admirers are the thousands who read her writings, her friends the public throughout the land.



MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It was with rather a deprecating shake of the head that Mrs. Sangster greeted a visitor recently, who went to her asking an opinion upon the subject of "Women in Journalism."

"I am not sure that I have any views to formulate upon this matter," she said, laying aside, with a gesture that had in it no hint of annoyance at work interrupted, the MS. she had been reading. "It is fully twenty years since I began my literary work, and although my experience has naturally been wide and varied, still in the great field of daily newspaper work, with which in my mind the word journalism is most intimately allied, I am in one sense a stranger."

"Who are some of the women earliest prominent in this field?" repeated Mrs. Sangster. "I can hardly reply with accuracy on so brief consideration. That strong and brilliant pioneer in the work, Mrs. Swisshelm, is, of course, the name which first suggests itself. Since her time, however, the field has widened on every side and her followers are legion. The reasons for this are obvious. The greater interest in home decoration, the wider scope of women's lives, the many new avenues of self support open to her sex and making this particular epoch so different from that in which, fifty years ago, a woman who had her own or her children's bread to win found, if she were a lady, only sewing and teaching her available arts—all this and more have made it practically a woman's domain in journalism. The fashions, the home economics, the care of babies, the education of the older children, the ethics of daily life, social customs, etiquette, amusements and other topics which equally touch life at the fountain head of the home enlist woman's attention."

"Where forty years ago a mother's magazine, pure indeed, but intensely narrow and conservative, monopolized the field, we have bright housekeeping and home making periodicals, weekly and monthly, which are as various in their contents as the homes to which they go and which carry help, advice, sympathy and a note of cheer wherever the swift mails carry them. To this department of journalism, as legitimate and as honorable as any other, the educated woman brings her tact, her culture, her conscience and her brain."

"And the work is as much pleasanter than the old time methods of woman's broad winning as its scope and opportunities are greater. You will rarely find that the woman who writes regards her occupation, though it may entail hard, almost unrelenting labor, with other than enthusiasm. There is a fascination about seeing one's ideas and opinions set out in type that does not wear away with repetition. A score of years has not sated me with the experience. Why, I positively look forward to every issue of *Harper's Bazar*; I study it with zest and eagerness; its contents are familiar yet delightfully fresh in their new setting. I wish that every one of its readers may find half of the interest and enjoyment between its covers that I do."

"Of women reporters it is scarcely fair for me to speak; I know only by hearsay of their branch of the work; it is different in so many respects from the department in which I have always labored that I am not competent authority in the matter. I know a number of lovely women who have made a beginning in this way, and as many, too, who are still following it. Their large measure of success indicates the aptitude of women for this phase of newspaper enterprise. I think, however, that women like to get out of general reporting as soon as possible. It is arduous work and approaches more nearly the distasteful, so some of my friends have told me, than any other branch of journalistic effort."

"Concerning the co-working of the sexes in journalism," continued Mrs. Sangster in reply to further questioning, "my experience is that women have absolutely nothing to complain of concerning their treatment by their brother laborers. I do not know that they have done so, although a lady not long ago did express to me a little qualmously, in speaking of a visit to a publication office during its busiest time, that she was not even offered a chair. A woman should not ask too much. A courteous civility even under the greatest pressure of work she will always get, and more ought not to be insisted upon. One does not expect the gallantry of the drawing room in the rush of pre-emptory and absorbing labor any more than one looks for white and gold cabinets in the appointments of the business office."

"What do you know of the recently

organized Woman's Press club?" Mrs. Sangster was asked, it having been noted that she was down as a member.

"Nothing," she replied, "except that it is a mistake that I belong to it. Personally, I am not addicted to clubs; large ones, especially, do not attract me, and this is in no spirit of criticism. I am a member of only one club, a very small one, which exists more as a circle of congenial companions than as an organization."

"Something of the future of woman's pursuit of a journalistic calling?" continued Mrs. Sangster. "I am disinclined to think that she will ever supersede men in any very perceptible degree. Women have published as well as edited newspapers and periodicals, but in such exceptional and rarely recurring instances as to rather point the assertion that women cannot compete with men in this particular than to serve as a precedent. Her executive ability is sufficient—I think the average woman has more of that than the average man—but she has not the inherent business instinct, and natural business habits that generations of systematic workers have developed in her brother laborer."

"To succeed in the journalism for which she is best fitted by nature a woman needs a broad education. She must know literature as well as life. Some skill in the grand old tongue which men call dead is a very helpful thing, and a living language or two besides her own will not come amiss."

"The woman journalist must be systematic, though she cannot be the slave of system. She must grasp details, make quick decisions, and learn how to say no, in every possible inflection. She must be quiet mannered and self controlled, not losing her temper when things go wrong. Considerate of others, she will receive consideration from her associates, and will exact no deference which she is not willing to give. She will put heart and conscience in her work and be thorough, leaving no loose ends. She will welcome criticism, but hold to her own judgment if this be needed."

"She will feel, if she be a born journalist—and journalists, like poets, are born, not made—the pulse of her public opinion. She will seize by intuition the topics which are vital, but all the while through the tumult and turmoil of the hour she will hear the far off booming of the bells of eternity and realize that her work is not for today nor to-morrow only, but forever."

"In brief, the qualities which inhere in good housekeeping come to the front in good editing, and the journalist will look on her paper as the careful matron at her home—her kingdom to administer, her province to rule, her sphere to fill."

M. A. Welch

Lamp Stays. (Copyright, 1890.)

Now that lamps are so freely used, there seems to be an equal demand for mats which serve the double purpose of ornamenting and protecting the table upon which they rest. When to be used upon a dining table which is lighted by one of the lofty "banquet lamps," the mat is made of material that does not conflict with the whiteness of the napery. If for a parlor or sitting room table, or little stand, the lamp mat may be of velvet, satin or plush.

The mat illustrated is made of green satin, with an interlacing of cardboard and back of green cotton flannel. The border, which projects beyond the square of cardboard, is made of maple leaves, of which the dark ones are worked on the satin in a manner which will be described presently. The light ones are made of green velvet of a lighter shade. They are buttoned on the edge with dark green embroidery silk. The velvet



A LAMP MAT.

ing is done in Kensington stitch with the same silk. The satin leaves which appear to underlie the others are edged with a buttonholing of light green silk, and filled with lace or honeycomb stitch. The points of all the leaves are cut out after the edge is worked.

An easily made lamp mat and one that is not at all expensive is a circle of dark felt, stiffened with cardboard and bordered with a thick roll of red yarn. The roll is a covering of knitted tinsel. The latter is to be found in various shades at fancy stores for four cents a ball. It is knitted loosely on rather large wooden needles in the plain stitch used for making carriers or suspenders. The knitted strip is to be sewed over the yarn roll very loosely. No one seeing this border, unless familiar with knitted used in this way, would imagine how it was made.

Mrs. M. C. HUNTERFORD.

They say Mrs. Kendal is the only actress who has ever been "received socially" in New York. Dear, dear! How much poorer society has missed.

The Way the Cat is Jumping.



Mrs. Longhead Bakstreet—Didn't your brother Henry's second wife have a cousin whose sister-in-law lives in Chicago? Mr. Longhead Bakstreet—I think so. Why?

Mrs. Longhead Bakstreet—Well, it strikes me 't would be a good plan to find out where she lives, and invite her to spend a week with us. Then, after the fact opens, we can take all the children and go to Chicago for a good long visit.

## BETTING ON A SURE THING.

How He Tried to Take an Unfair Advantage and Got Left.

Moxie Nartosky is a young man who has a great passion for making small bets. No matter what the subject under discussion, Moxie invariably offers to lay a wager that his view is the correct one.

One day he was late at the dining room where he took his meals. A stranger was the only other person in the room. The stranger pounded a plate vigorously with his knife, and when the dining room girl entered she at once picked out Moxie as the offender and read him a lecture on table etiquette, dwelling with particular emphasis on plate pounding.

"But I didn't pound," said Moxie.

"You did," said the girl.

Here was a "sure thing," and Moxie hastened to say:

"I'll bet you \$2 I didn't pound, and leave it to this gentleman," referring to the stranger, who was the real culprit.

The girl's pocketbook was out in an instant and Moxie's two dollar bill was covered and passed over to the stranger as stakeholder and referee.

"Now, sir, who pounded?" asked Moxie, triumphantly.

"It was Moxie who pounded," said the stranger, with judicial calmness, as he handed the \$4 over to the girl.

"I'm willing to take big chances," said Moxie, in relating the incident later, "but, so help me heaven, I'll never again bet on a sure thing!"—New York World.

## A Mean Capture.



Cale—I say, Lige, he'll dat ole man crocodile, whad ain't got no teeth. Less ketch him. Come on, ole man; he can't hurt yo'.

Lige—Grown in closer, Cale. I want t' git my feet in.



Chorus—Now, den; bof stan' up tged-der.—Judge.

One Jump Too Many.

McCrackie—I hear that Danvers went out to Oklahoma and died there.

McCrackie—His penchant for athletics was the death of him. You know what a great jumper he was at college?

Yes. Well, he jumped a claim in Oklahoma, and died of lead poisoning.—Munsey's Weekly.

Too Big to Be Seen in One Day.

"I hear that Barnum has brought back a couple of Italian giants," playfully remarked Tawser Caldwell to Ned Stephens.

"Yes, they are going with his show, but I hear they are so long that it will take at least three days to exhibit them."—New York Morning Journal.

Mystery of Trade.

Butcher Boy—Anything else to take out?

Butcher—Yes. This ten pound roast is to go to Mr. Wealthy's residence, and this other ten pound roast is to go to Mrs. Slimdiet's boarding house. Now don't get them mixed, or we'll lose two customers.—New York Weekly.

The Cream of the Joke.

"This," said the farmer's boy, as he ran his fingers about and carefully absorbed from them into his system the delicious golden accumulation upon the top of the pan of milk his mother had thrice hidden away from him, "this is the cream of the joke."—Merchant Traveler.

Of Two Evils, Etc.

Dolliver—I think I will send Julia to Milan to finish her music lessons.

Mrs. Dolliver (delighted, but doubtful)—Do you think you can stand the expense?

Dolliver (firmly)—Much easier than I can the piano.—Racket.

Left the City.

A.—What has become of that slick rascal, Beatehall?

B.—He's left the city.

A.—Left the city, has he? Well, that's lucky. If there was half a chance he would have taken the city with him.—Texas Siftings.

A Divided Gift.

Tolliver—Which shall it be, Ethel, the diamonds or a brougham? I can't give you both.

Mrs. Tolliver (hesitatingly)—I think I'd like—well—one of the earrings and a dog cart.—Judge.

Professional Gallantry.

She—Professor, I am afraid you find my conversation very uninteresting.

He—No at all, my dear young lady. It is a relief, I assure you, to unbend the mind now and then.—Burlington Free Press.

Didn't Expect Callers.

Mistress—Mary, why did you not answer the door bell a short time ago?

Servant (a recent acquisition)—Faith, mum, my friends do not know I am here, and so I didn't expect anybody.—Boston Budget.

The Reporter's Metamorphosis.

First Week—Employed—!

Second Week—I and the Editor!

Third Week—The Editor and I!

Fourth Week—The Editor!—Lawrence American.

No Half Way Measures.

Bagges—Do you and your wife ever quarrel, Uncle Ephraim?

Uncle Ephraim—No, sah, we neber quarrels; we jes fight.—Burlington Free Press.

Exhaustive Labor.

"Not feeling well, dear boy?"

"Oh, a little brain fag, you know. That's all. I've adopted a course of mental exercise."

"What do you do?"

"I count a hundred every day."—Washington Post.

A Great Freak.

"This ain't a dwarf! He's over five feet tall."

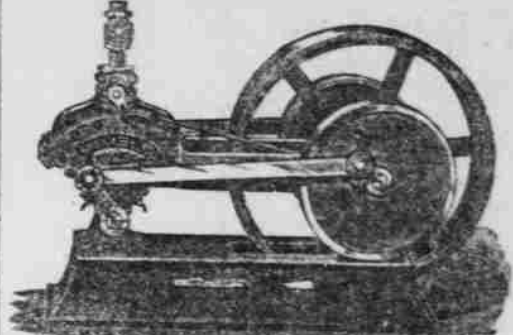
"That's the great thing about him. He is the tallest dwarf in the world."—New York Sun.

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